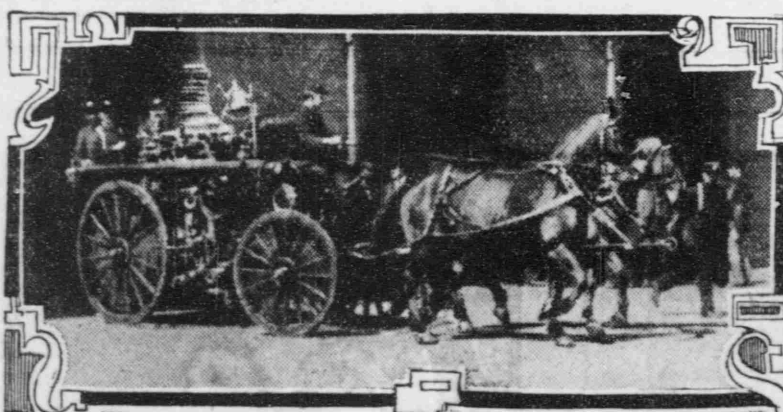


HERE'S TO THE

Bravest and Best of His Kind; Noblest Warrior of All—the

FIRE HORSE!



The Dash from the Fire House.

A MILK WAGON, drawn by a large white horse whose military bearing betokened other and better days, stopped in front of the engine house in Eighteenth street, Manhattan. The driver ran across the street with a bottle of milk.

Suddenly the doors of the engine house flew open, there was the loud clang of the fire alarm gong counting its numbers, and the accompanying rattle of hoofs on the floor of the fire house.

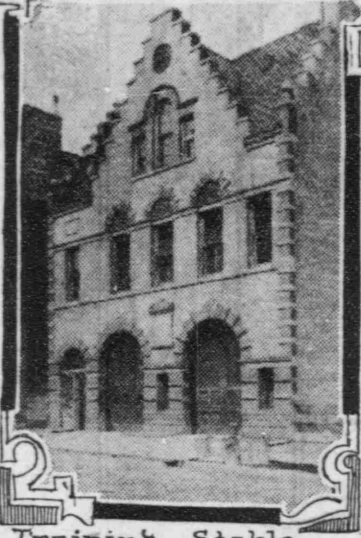
Men hastily climbed to the trucks, the engine rumbled out with a shrill whistle and darted off down the street. Then came the whick of a horse truck.

The minute that the doors had flown open and the sound of the familiar gong came out upon the street the old white horse attached to the milk wagon jumped to "attention." His feet came together with a snap, and his ears cocked toward the engine house. He seemed to be waiting for the finish of the first round of the gong.

The engine dashed out and away, closely followed by the truck. Then, to the surprise of the crowd that had gathered, the white horse started in the wake of the truck, with the long, leaping gallop of the trained fire horse.

An Old Fire Horse.

The milk cans rattled and the driver ran after shouting, "Whoa," but the gallant old horse paid no attention. He swept around the corner into Broadway with the clean, clear-cut turn of the



Training Stable and Hospital.

regulation fire wagon, and stretched away toward Fourteenth street, where the other apparatus was gathering.

A policeman ran out and swung his club and arms. The white runner paid no attention to him and nearly ran him down. There was not a sign of excitement in his bearing. He was not running away. A few minutes later when through the crowd around the scene of the fire the milk wagon plowed its way and came to a full stop at the corner hydrant, the famous old horse was recognized by the firemen, who shouted: "It is old 886, of Thirteenth street



stable! God bless him."

And they patted the proud neck of the old fire horse with that warmth which regular firemen show to the brutes who for years have been their companions at fires in all sorts of weather.

Old White 886 had served in the department for ten years, the hero of a hundred fast runs that saved human lives. He had at last been condemned as unfit for service and sold according to the law—at auction to the highest bidder.

The milkman who bought him forgot, when he left him at the door of the en-

gine house in Eighteenth street, that an alarm of fire might send him racing through the streets with the other apparatus. But when he returned and found him gone he knew what it meant when he saw the empty fire house.

A Purse for the Horse.

He followed to the scene of the blaze and secured the old hero. But he did not get away till the firemen had made up a purse of three dollars to be used in buying Old 886 the "swellest" oatmeal and corn mash dinner that any horse in the metropolitan district had that night.

"He was a good fire horse," said Battalion Chief Joseph Shea, master of the Fire Department Training Stable and Hospital in West Ninety-ninth street, "and I am not at all surprised that on hearing the old familiar call to the harness and seeing the apparatus dashing past he turned and followed. He had been taught to do that very thing, and it used to be said in the fire houses that he could even count the number of the alarm and knew every box in the district."

"I never see one of the fine old fire horses sold at auction but I feel the ignominy of it and wish that some method could be devised for pensioning them and securing them a peaceful and useful old age."

Battalion Chief Shea has had charge of the horses of the department for nearly twenty years, and knows them all intimately. He is an expert veterinarian, a graduate of the New York Veterinary College, and has taken such good care of the 600 horses belonging to the department that no one of them ever hears that he is to be sent to the hospital for treatment but he begins to pick up his ears and look happy at once.

How They Are Trained.

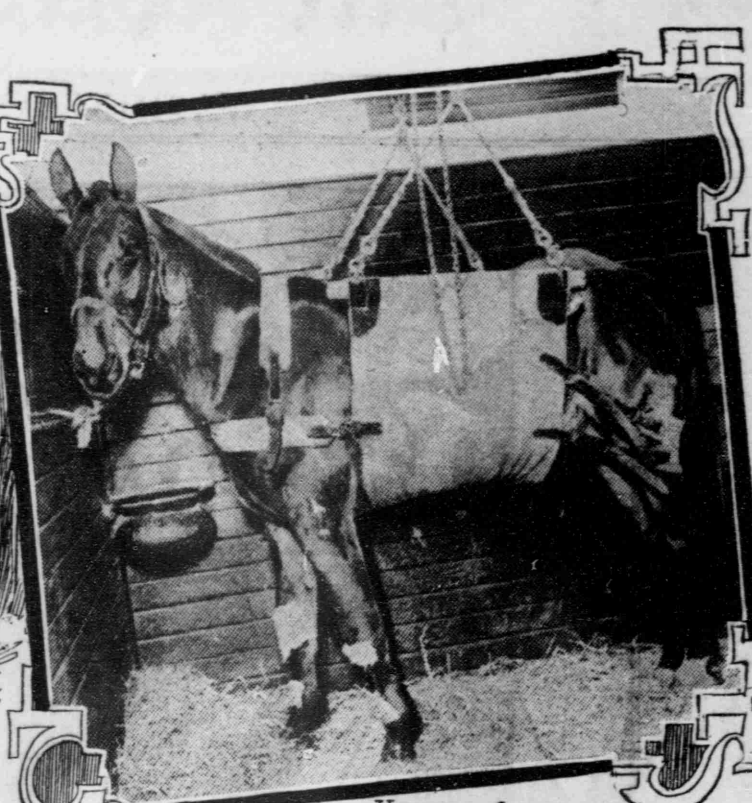
It was Commissioner Henry B. Purroy, who died a year ago, who originated the idea of a training stable and hospital for the faithful creatures of the trucks, though there was from the first a sort of hospital for horses.

He established on Lawrence street, in Manhattanville, the training school, which was afterward moved to the building at 135 West Ninety-ninth street, where it now is. The large four-story school and hospital building contains on an average thirty sick or injured and green horses.

The papers print a great deal about the men hurt at fires, but seldom mention the suffering of the faithful horses, though they are frequently killed or maimed. The horses wearing bandages or lying in slings at the hospital to-day testify to recent accidents, some of which resulted in broken bones, torn limbs and lacerated sides.

The training of new horses at the school is the most interesting study in animal intelligence one can see.

"We exercise a great deal of care in the purchase of horses for the depart-



Hero of an Accident in a Hospital Ward.

ment," said Chief Shea to a writer for this paper. "The best horses come from New York State, though some of them are from the West and from Maine. The New York State horse is more pliable, not so gross, and stands the nervous strain of the work better."

"Personally I think they are very intelligent as a class. We get them from the city horse market generally. The suggestion has been made that the city might well breed its own horses from chosen stock, but this would be impracticable, because not more than one in six colts so bred comes up to the desired average of thoroughness."

Worth \$600 a Pair.

"Ordinarily we pay about \$600 a pair for green horses, but we do not buy them till they have been tried out in the school here. The first lessons are in answering alarms by the gong, and running out to their places under the harness. Then we take them out to imaginary fires, and run them up and down Riverside Drive or through the more noisy streets near the elevated."

"It is surprising how readily a good horse learns that when the gong sounds and his halter falls away, he is expected to trot out to the truck and stand under the suspended harness."

"We do not care so much for the color. That does not count. The candidate must weigh generally from 1,250 to 1,400 pounds and stand 16 to 16-3 hands high. He should be five to six years old and well broken and of good conformation."

"We pride ourselves a good deal on the beauty of our horses."

"There are horses in the department which are doing good work at twenty and thirty years, though these are mostly in the outlying districts where the work is not hard."

"After three weeks or a month of

daily lessons in the school here the wisest horse becomes fit for service and is sent out with our blessing and a diploma to commence his exciting life as a fire horse in the fire house."

"There he goes to a close association with men who take naturally to horses and come to love them like brothers."

"The horses sleep, eat and live in the same house with the firemen, and for that reason alone come to have almost human traits as their service in the department drags on."

"It may be a folly of mine, but I almost believe that fire horses who are brought here maimed and scarred through honorable service are proud of their wounds. There is that handsome chestnut over there in the ward to the right. He is nicknamed Dutch, but his real name is his number, which is 1322."

"He belongs with Four engine, and that wound on his leg was received through dashing upon the sidewalk and into a plate glass window in preference to running down a party of young school girls in the street as he rounded a corner in a hot run to the fire downtown near Maiden lane the other day."

"We have to tie Dutch's head up in the air to keep him from tearing off the bandages with his teeth."

"Many of the horses in the department have served eight and ten years, and they come to know the driver's touch upon the reins so that they catch his direction almost through intuition by the personal magnetism that runs along the ribbons."

"These horses come up here often for rest and recreation. They get tired and run down through constant work and strain, and come in here as poor as crows, trained down to bone and sinew like prize fighters."

"We receive them with a celebration,

pet them, fondle their soft noses, and make them happy by little attentions that please them. It is astonishing how they pick up and put on flesh under our treatment. They go forth again to the battle like enthusiastic soldiers out of the relief camps."

"Which is the most famous horse in the department? Every fire house claims to have him. You will find the gentleman the hero and lion of every fire building from the Battery to Mount Vernon."

"There are many horses who have records of hundreds of lives that have actually been saved by their fleetness of limb and strength of back in dragging the apparatus to fires. There are many who have come here regularly with cuts and bruises received in the helter-skelter, break-neck dashes from the stables."

"A horse that dashes into an elevated post and breaks his neck in his wild rush to the scene of a tragedy, rather than collide with a carriage, is as much a fire hero as the fireman who is buried under a falling wall."

Too Old to Work.

Chief Shea led the way to the lower ward, where a lot of fleet limbed racers, their great almost human eyes looking pitifully through the bars of the stalls, were waiting a fate that they could not understand as the reward of their long and faithful service to the department."

They had been condemned as unfit because of old age and infirmities gained in the service of the city to longer do their duty. The law says that they shall be sold at auction to the highest bidders, after they have been advertised.

There was a note of pity and remorse in the voice of the veterinary surgeon as he patted their heads and talked to them. Each horse knew him personally. Each was loved by some squad of men down in the city, who had eaten, slept and lived with them for years."

These old soldiers of the cause will go out one by one to the unthankful toll of drawing trucks, drays and peddlers' wagons. Perhaps like the old white horse, No. 886, they may create scenes by dashing pell mell after the flying squadron of some fire house in the streets, and when they do they will be forgiven by the firemen and the police, whether they are by the owners or not."

Lucky is the supernumerary fire horse that finds his way to the farm and while not busy at his toll passes his 77 days in green pastures and beside running waters that perhaps remind him of his youth—for all fire horses that are good for anything come from the country."

"When I came into the department in September, 1882, there were 335 horses in the department. I have selected most of the horses since then, or at least passed upon them, and the last horse bought was numbered 1377, so you see there has been quite a regiment of them," said Chief Shea.

When the photographer for this paper fired flash lights to photograph the horses in the hospital there was no fear among them, but only suppressed excitement. It reminded them of the fires they had been to, the midnight dashes to far away tenements in flames, and the merry dance of their hoofs showed their impatience to be off.

Historic Senate Chair of Daniel Webster in a New York Auction Room.

THERE has come into the New York market through the medium of the auction room a unique piece of furniture. It is the chair used by Daniel Webster on the floor of the United States Senate. It is valued very highly by collectors, for from it Webster arose to make his famous reply to Haynes, and from it he sprang time and again to defend the Union and confound the advocates of disruption.

Indeed, Webster is said to have ascribed much of his power to the soothing influence of its comfortable springs and upholstered arms. At one time he is quoted as saying, in a moment of enthusiasm, that for only one chair in the whole world—that of the President of the United States—would he exchange his Senate bench. The chair was later used by Representative Stevens in the House of Representatives, and it is a present member of the Stevens family, George Stevens of Philadelphia, who places it on the market.

The chair is of black walnut, upholstered in dark red plush. It is in a fine state of preservation, almost wonderful considering its long and historic usage. It is at present on exhibition in a New York auction room on Third avenue, and will soon be offered at public sale.

It was from this chair that Webster uttered those famous words in his speech on Foote's resolution, January 26, 1850:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dismembered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood."

And in his speech of June 8, 1834:

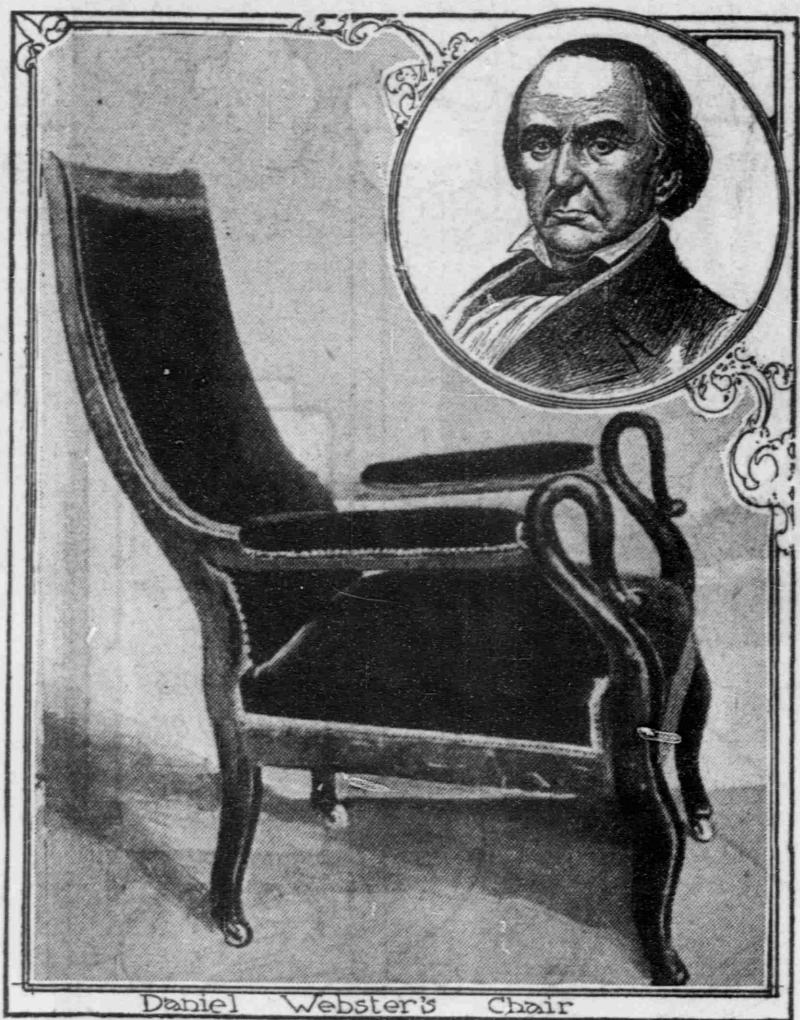
"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it."

Again in his speech of May 7, 1834:

"On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they

(the colonies) raised their flag against a power to which for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with

her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeats, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circle the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."



Daniel Webster's Chair.

AS WAS SPOKEN BY THE GODS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE, THIS SECTION

of blood. The naked dagger was plowing upon a letter. Taro understood; the breakfast tray fell from his hands with a crash. That did not disturb him.

He took up the letter; it said: "Farewell, my boy. Your aged grandmother would much rather join your father and with him watch you do great things for the country and for his sacred Majesty than to be a burden upon the country and keep away from the field of battle. Farewell, my child."

Ten days later he was with the principal squadron under Admiral Togo, at Sasebo.

ND the 8th and 9th of February, 1894, came; made history a little richer, a little more entertaining, and went.

In the early break of day, February 8, some sixty knots from the forts of Port Arthur, the Mikasa shook out the signal to the torpedo boat flotilla. Ikeda Taro was upon the bridge of the destroyer, Akatsuki, beside her commander.

"Strike, destroy and sink the hostile

ships. We pray for the success of all!" the signal read.

They watched the dimples of the smiling Yellow Sea flirt with the significant buntings on the Mikasa—the day was beautiful, so unlike the hall storm of the previous day.

On the night of the 8th-9th, the Akatsuki, with her sisters of the flotilla, Nos. 4 and 5, were chasing a phantom in the Tanlien-wang, and were forsaken of luck, while their comrades were reaping a huge harvest of halos in the outer roadstead of Port Arthur.

Never mind!

LONG before the break of light on the morning of March the 10th a flotilla of Nippon torpedo boats was laying mines of special sort—these are the very records of the official report of Admiral Togo—at the entrance of Port Arthur. If you had a very keen eye you could have seen the Akatsuki.

Of course, the Russian forts, with which shots seemed to be the cheapest thing under the skies, literally deluged the torpedo boats with a flood of shells. But then the Nippon boats had seen a flood as warm as that pour forth from the Russian guns on high more than once. They did not mind a little thing like that. So, as if they were out boating upon the Spring tide of the River Sumida in the colorful days of cherry-flowers in bloom, they went their own

way and planted all the mines they wished.

Meanwhile another flotilla of Nippon torpedo boats was making its way from the direction of Pigeon Bay.

At half-past four, in the Liao-ti-shan channel, it came suddenly upon a Russian flotilla of six destroyers. They closed in, and in the merriest way possible they resurrected the traditions of Nelson's days. Thirty minutes of fierce, close-range fight took place. But of this the Akatsuki and her comrades knew nothing. The din of the forts above their heads quite miled their ears, so that they could not hear the noise of the bloody struggle to the south, off the Liao-ti-shan lighthouse.

Two of the destroyers escaped from the hand to hand fight, and made for the entrance of Port Arthur. They came upon the Nippon destroyers, engaged in the peaceful work of sinking the mines, like ghosts out of stormy waves.

Ikeda Taro saw the two Russian destroyers well out of the haze from the south, against the pale glimmer of the break of day. The Akatsuki shot forward full speed and made for the Russian. The Kasumi, the Asashio, the Sasanami and the rest of the flotilla heeled her.

An unceremonious Russian shot swept a couple of gunners from the quick firer aboard the Akatsuki.

IKEDA TARO rushed in to take their place. "Give them all they want," he heard the voice from the bridge say in a leisurely and half-laughing way; "yes, all they want, and a little more for good measure!" The end of this genial sentence of the commander was blown off by a shot which treated the steam pipe of the Akatsuki unkindly.

There was a great hissing of steam, and four stokers accompanied the broken steampipe on the long journey to the home of the dead. Taro had no eye for any such choice sight, however. He worked the quick firer like a demon. With all that he could not help hearing the cries of pain and agony about him.

Suddenly, there was a crash. His boat was rubbing against a Russian destroyer. Quick as a flash he rushed to the edge of the boat, gathered himself into a ball and the next moment found himself aboard the Steregschichi.

His foot struck upon the side of a head almost floating in a pool of blood. He slipped and fell heavily. It was a mercy that he could not see himself as he quickly rose out of the bloody stew. But then, at his feet, and all about him was a sight the like of which his imagination never had been able to paint. Broken fragments of shells mingled with the torn flesh of the brave fellows who fell, and his eyes started from their

sockets. He did not know how many minutes he stood thus, half dazed and half crazed.

There seemed to be no one alive on board. Man after man, it seemed from the awful sight before him, the officers and crews of the boat, were wiped out of the world of the living, with the deadly fire which he himself had been keeping up on the hapless boat. Taro took a step or two ahead.

Then above the crash and roar of guns, he heard the sound as of a man rushing out to meet him from a dark corner of the boat. As he turned quickly, sure enough there was a huge Russian making for him with the recklessness and dash of a wounded bear.

Taro's hand went to the handle of the sword he carried at his side. It was as well tempered a blade as one would wish—one which had been handed down from father to son for many a century in the house of Ikeda. The cold gleam of the sword as the steel struck the early light met the onrush of the fierce Russian. He was evidently an officer—the commander of the boat perhaps—judging from the costume. As he rushed out, he whipped out a pistol and fired point blank at Taro.

The heavy sea made his footing unsteady. He tottered as he fired. The bullet carried a bad corner of Taro's cap into the sea. Just in such a ticklish

tilting of the sensitive scale of fortune the people of the East see the hands of the gods. Instantly they rushed at each other, each with a naked blade.

Perhaps in that half second the huge Russian might not have known that he was rushing into a certain death. But that was not the fault of the swordsmanship of the fighting men of Nippon. The French may be wizards with the sword of the samurai blood, in the understanding of the soul and power of the sword, the world has never known.

The very first flash of Taro's sword did two things at the same time. It made the thrust from the Russian dance a jig or a Mississippi breakdown through the air all thundering with the voices of guns. It also landed the keen edge of the sword down across the head of the tall Russian.

There was a heavy thud on the deck. And the hairy, the heroic, the great big Russian captain did not do anything more glorious than to add a huge flood of blood to the deck of the destroyer he commanded, which did not seem to be in great need of gory paint.

The Russian struggled to rise to his feet. Ikeda Taro took this as a left-handed insult to the work of his beloved sword. One clean stroke from it ought to have been quite enough for any ordinary mortal. The very idea

that the Russian wanted something more irritated him.

Taro lifted his foot and gave the insatiable Russian a great kick. The kick passed into history. And the Russian went flying over the boat, into the shot boiling and heavy breathing sea—far into a happier land where strife is no more.

UPON the Akatsuki Taro was steaming away through the thick of hall storm from the Russian forts. He is not a superstitious fellow. He is an up-to-date product of a modern naval academy. All the same, somehow, he did not know the reason why, the story which his grandmother used to tell him of the ancient ancestress of the family of Ikeda kept on coming into his mind. Once again, in the din and storm of the twentieth century machinery of war, in front of Port Arthur, in the enlightened days of Meiji, he saw his ancestor bowing before the luminous presence of the guardian god of a fisherman's village beside the Inland Sea in the faded mists of the days of the gods. And he heard a voice say:

"The storm shall shake the earth. That shall be a great day for the Home Land of the Sun. On that day I shall raise a man. * * * He shall smite the monster from the north. And the edge of his sword shall be tempered by the gods. And he shall be great in the land of his birth."



Caddies by the car-load, from Pinehurst, N.C.